Recently a high official, whom I had the pleasure of knowing and who had many Indian friends, wrote in an Indian review his regrets at leaving the country.

Jones and Arnold, and even moderns like Curzon and Ronaldshay (Zetland), have been fascinated by the appeal of Indian culture. But only too often charlatans and phili-stines have followed in the steps of Macaulay, who was supremely contemptuous of Indian culture. Like so many Englishmen since, who pine for England, he writes: "All the fruits of the tropics are not worth a pottle of Covent Garden" nor the palaces of Calcutta "equal to a garret in a London street." He admitted once that he had not spent a single happy day since he left England. What a contrast to William Jones!

The lordliness of the conqueror is always unpleasant, but the complacency of the Englishman in India when one sees it against the background of India's serried past is ironic indeed. His culture seems then a little puny, and one may dare add that the nadir of English culture can be found in the drawing-rooms of Anglo-India, where all the pettiness of suburbia combines with the shibboleths of the smaller public schools. Folly kept in its place at home is magnified to intensity. Things may be improving a little, but in the military cantonments life goes on unchanged save for cocktails and the wireless. Memsahibs, chits and *bundobusts* still abound, as does the *chota* peg. Indians are less frequently called "native," but I am told that one can still hear references to the "Aryan brother" in the clubs of Calcutta. Arrogance and bad manners in railway trains are rarer than they were, but I was witness of a shocking case as late as 1931. The English home remains aloof in India still for the most part. It is only fair to say that it is not easy for the average Britisher to get into touch with an Indian family or share its life without both feeling